

*The contention of the two famous Houses,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streetes.*

*Enter Dame Elnor Cobham bare-foote, and a white sheete about her,
with a waxe Candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe &
pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir Iohn
Standly, and Officers, with Bils and Holbards.*

Serning. My gracious Lord, see wher my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, wee take her from the Sheriffes?

Humph. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon heere,
But let them do their office as they should.

Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah *Gloster*, now thou dost penance too,
See how the giddy people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, forget this extreme griefe,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elnor. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender feete,
And when I start, the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame, with papers on my backe,
Ah *Gloster*, can I endure this and liue?
Sometime ile say I am Duke *Humphreys* wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his fore-lorne Dutchesse
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.

Humphrey. My louely *Nell*, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Should

Torke and Lancast

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incur the danger of the law;
And thy disgrace would not be shaddowd.

Elnor. Be thou milde, and stir not at me
Vntill the axe of death hang ore thy head.
As shortly sure it will. For *Suffolke* he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in
With her that loues him so, and hates vs
And impious *Yorke*, and *Bewford* that fall
Haue all lymde bushes to betray thy wife
And flye thou how thou canst, they will

Enter a Herald of Armes

Herald. I summon your Grace vnto
holden at *S. Edmonds-Bury*, the first of the

Hum. A Parliament, and our consent
Therein before. This is ———
Well, we will be there.

Master Sheriffe, I pray proceede no fur

Lady, then the course of law extends

Sher. Please it your Grace, my office
And I must deliuer her to Sir *Iohn Standly*
To be conducted into the Isle of Man.

Humphrey. Must you sir *Iohn* conduct
Standly. I my gracious Lord, for so I
And I am so commanded by the King.

Humph. I pray you sir *Iohn*, vse her well
In that I intreate you to vse her well.
The world may smile againe, and I may
To do you fauour, if you do it her,
And so sir *Iohn* farewell.

Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid

Humph. Witnesse my bleeding heart

Exit H

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble *Gloster*
And doth Duke *Humphrey* now forsake
Then let me haste from out faire England
Come *Standly* come, and let vs haste away

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